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THE LUGO FAMILY OF CALIFORNIA.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

The death of Mrs. Mercedes Lugo de Foster, wife of Stephen C. Foster, October 12, 1913, recalls memories of the Lugo family, which, with its several branches, was widely influential throughout California in its early history. Mrs. Foster was, I believe, the last of the third generation of the Lugos in California. Her grandfather, Francisco Lugo, founder of the family, came to California in 1771. Besides those of his own surname he was, through his four daughters, the ancestor of the numerous families of the Vallejos, Carrillos, De la Guerras, Cotas and Ruises, and also of several others at a later period, bearing Spanish and English surnames.

Don Francisco's eldest son was José Ygnacio Lugo, grandfather of the Wolfskill's of this city. His youngest son was Antonio Maria Lugo, father of Mrs. Foster, and of several other children, including the wife of Colonel Isaac Williams of El Chino rancho, maternal ancestor of Mrs. Governor Gage, and Mrs. Jeshuron, formerly Mrs. Robert Carlisle.

When I first came to Los Angeles I frequently saw Don Antonio in our streets, on horseback, with a sword attached to his saddle beneath his left knee. He sat erect on his horse and was a striking figure.

Away back in the '50s, Don Antonio told the writer at his home not far from the present town of Compton, that after having served as a soldier in California under the King of Spain, he was granted permission in 1813, (just one hundred years ago) to settle on the lands which later were included in his grant of seven leagues, the San Antonio rancho located south of the Pueblo, a part of which is now owned by the heirs of Don Abel Stearns and his widow, the late Doña Arcadia de Baker. This rancho was one of the four granted by the Spanish King, the other three (I believe) being the San Pedro (to Dominguez), the San Rafael (to Verdugo), and the Santa Ana (to the Yorbass).

Don Antonio was born at the Mission of San Antonio de Padua, California, in 1775, and died in 1860. He lived many years in a

large adobe house (this was his town home), just east of the Plaza, which was, in early times, before gamblers and Chinamen took possession of that locality, a sightly and desirable place of residence. Mrs. Foster told me that she and most of her brothers and sisters were born there.

As his boys grew up and as his flocks and herds of *ganado mayor y menor* increased to such an extent that he did not know what to do with them, he obtained a grant in his son's name of the rancho of San Bernardino, to which a part of his horses and cattle were removed.

In after years he planted a vineyard on the east side of San Pedro street, and sometimes made his home there in a long adobe house, which has recently been demolished to make way for the extension and widening of that thoroughfare.

The wife of old Sergeant Vallejo—"Sargento distinguido," as his daughter, Doña Encarnacion, wife of Captain Cooper of Monterey, once mildly intimated to me, should be his proper *apellativo*—was one of Lugo's sisters, and Mrs. Jacob P. Lease was another sister.

Mrs. Foster, whom I knew for many years, was a kind-hearted woman who was held in the highest respect by all who knew her. She never learned much English, but in her conversation in Spanish with those who understood her, the tones of her voice had that low, slightly hesitating, sympathetic quality so characteristic of well-bred Spanish women which seemed to assure you that she warmly sympathized with you and with all you had to say. These characteristics of speech and manner of Spanish women, old or young, who have never learned English, are very engaging and charming to the listener.

An exceedingly interesting episode in the life of Antonio Maria Lugo, father of Mrs. Foster, occurred in the year 1818, "the year of Bouchard, the Pirate," which I am tempted here to condense and transcribe from the account given of the affair by his son-in-law, Stephen C. Foster, who derived the facts direct from Don Antonio, and from a brother-in-law.

Mr. Foster's narrative reads substantially as follows: One day in the year 1818, a vessel was seen approaching the town of Monterey. As she drew near, she was seen to be armed, her decks swarming with men, and she was flying an unknown flag. Arriving within gunshot she opened fire on the town, and her fire was answered by the battery, while the lancers stood ready to repel a landing if it should be attempted, or cover the retreat of the families, in case the effort of repulse should be unsuccessful; for Spain

was at peace with every maritime nation, and the traditions of the atrocities committed by the Buccaneers at the end of the seventeenth century on the Spanish main, were familiar to the people. After some firing the strange vessel appeared to be injured by the shots from the battery and bore away and disappeared. The alarm spread along the coast as fast as swift riders could carry it, and all the troops at every point were ordered to be on the alert.

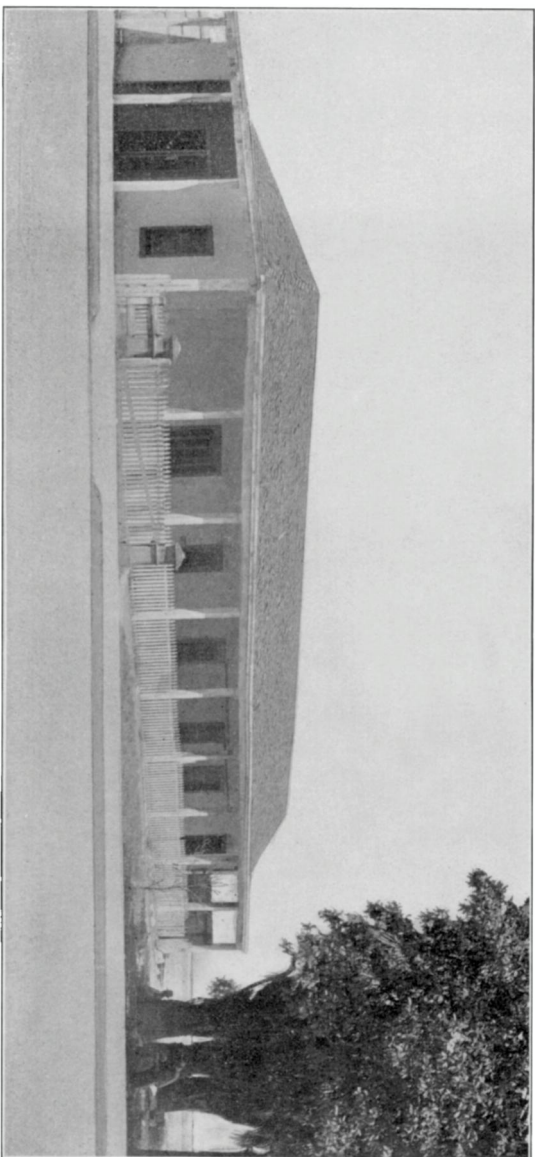
The strange craft next appeared off the Ortega rancho on the sea-shore above Santa Barbara, and landed some men, who, while plundering the rancho, were surprised by a squad of soldiers from Santa Barbara, and before they could regain their boats some four or five were captured. She next appeared off San Juan Capistrano, landed and plundered the Mission, and sailed away, and never was heard of more. All that is known of her is that she was a Buenos Ayrean privateer and that her captain was a Frenchman named Bouchard.

As to those of her crew who were captured, they were liable to severe treatment, but the comandante was a kind-hearted man, and he ordered that if any one would be responsible for their presentation when called for, they should be set at liberty until orders were received from Mexico as to what disposition should be made of them.

When the alarm was given, Corporal Antonio Maria Lugo (who after seventeen years of service in the company at Santa Barbara had received his discharge and settled with his family in Los Angeles in 1810), received orders to proceed to Santa Barbara with all the force the little town could spare.

Some two weeks after the occurrence of the events recounted above, Doña Dolores Lugo (wife of Don Antonio), who with other wives was anxiously waiting, as she stood after nightfall in the door of her house near the Plaza, heard the welcome sound of cavalry and the jingle of spurs as they defiled along the path north of Fort Hill. They proceeded to the guard-house, which then stood on the north side of the Plaza across upper Main street. The old church was not yet built. Doña Dolores heard the orders given, for the citizens still kept watch and ward; and presently she saw two horsemen mounted on one horse, advancing across the Plaza toward the house, and heard the stern but welcome greeting, "Ava Maria Purisima," upon which the children hurried to the door, and kneeling with clasped hands, uttered their childish welcome and received their father's benediction.

The two men dismounted. The one who rode the saddle was a man full six feet high, of a spare but sinewy form, which indicated



DON ANTONIO LUGO'S TOWN HOUSE
On San Pedro Street near First—Recently Demolished

great strength and activity. His black hair, sprinkled with gray, and bound with a black handkerchief, reached to his shoulders. He was in the uniform of a cavalry soldier of the time, the *cuera blanca*, a loosely fitting surtout, reaching to below the knees, made of buckskin doubled and quilted so as to be arrow-proof; on his left arm he carried an *adarga*, an oval shield of bull's hide, and his right hand held a lance, while a high-crowned *vicuna* hat surmounted his head. Suspended from his saddle were a carbine and a long straight sword.

The other man was about twenty-five years of age; his light hair and blue eyes indicated a different race, and he wore the garb of a sailor. The expression of his countenance seemed to say: "I am in a bad scrape, but I guess I'll work out somehow."

The señora politely addressed the stranger, who replied in an unknown tongue. Her curiosity made her forget her feelings of hospitality and she turned to her husband for an explanation:

"Whom have you here, old man (*viejito*)?"

"He is a prisoner we took from that buccaneer—may the devil sink her!—scaring the whole coast and taking honest men away from their homes and business. I have gone his security."

"And what is his name and country?"

"None of us understand his lingo, and he don't understand ours. All I can find out is his name is José and he speaks a language they call English. We took a negro among them, but he was the only one of the rogues who showed fight, and so Corporal Ruis lassoed him and brought him tumbling head over heels as a prisoner, sword and all. I left him in Santa Barbara to repair damages. He is English, too."

"Is he a Christian or a heretic?"

"I neither know nor care. He is a man and a prisoner in my charge, and I have given the word of a Spaniard and a soldier to my old comandante for his safe keeping and good treatment. I have brought him fifty leagues on the crupper behind me, for he can't ride without something to hold to. He knows no more about a horse than I do about a ship; and be sure and give him the softest bed. He has the face of an honest man, if we did catch him among a lot of thieves, and he is a likely looking young fellow. If he behaves himself we will look him up a wife among our pretty girls and then as to his religion the good Padre will settle all that. And now, good wife, I have told you all I know, for you women must know everything; but we have had nothing to eat since morning; so hurry up and give us the best you have."

Lugo's judgment turned out to be correct, and in a few days afterward the Yankee privateersman might have been seen in the mountains in what was known among the Californians as "Church Cañon," axe in hand, helping Lugo to get out timbers for the construction of the Plaza church, a work which the excitement caused by his arrival had interrupted. The church was not finished until four years afterward, for they did not build as fast as they do now.

Chapman conducted himself well, always ready and willing to turn his hand to anything, and a year afterward he had learned enough Spanish to make himself understood, and could ride a horse without the risk of tumbling off, and he guessed he liked the country and people well enough to settle down and look around for a wife. So he and Lugo started off to Santa Barbara on a matrimonial expedition. Why they went to Santa Barbara for that purpose I do not know, but I do know that in former times the Angeleños always yielded the point that the Barbareños had the largest proportion of pretty women.

In those days the courtship was always done by the elders, and the only privilege of the fair one was the choice of saying "yes" or "no." Lugo interested himself in the matter, vouched for the good character of the suitor and soon succeeded in making a match.

The wedding came off in due time, Lugo giving the bride away, and as soon as the feast was over the three started back to Los Angeles. One fashion of riding in those days was the following: A heavy silk sash then worn by the men, was looped over the pommel of the saddle so as to form a stirrup, and the lady rode in the saddle, while her escort mounted behind, the stirrup being shifted back to suit his new position; and in this style Chapman once more set out on the long road from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles for the second time a prisoner. But now, in the saddle before him, instead of the grim old soldier, armed with targe and lance, rode the new-made bride armed with bright eyes and raven tresses, for the Señorita Guadalupe Ortega, daughter of old Sergeant Ortega, the girl, who, one short year before, had fled in terror from the wild rovers of the sea, as, pistol and cutlass in hand, they had rushed on her father's house, and who had first seen her husband a pinioned prisoner, had bravely dared to vow to love, honor and obey the fair *Gringo*.

Years afterward, when the country was open to foreign intercourse, on the establishment of Mexican independence, in 1822, the first American adventurers, trappers and mariners found their way to California, they found José Chapman at the Mission of San Gabriel, fair-haired children playing around him, carpenter, mill-

wright and general factotum of good old Father Sanchez; and among the vaqueros of old man Lugo they also found Tom Fisher swinging his *riata* among the wild cattle as he once swung his cutlass when he fought the Spanish lancers on the beach at the Ortega rancho.

Chapman died about the year 1849, and his descendants live in the neighboring county of Ventura.

Mr. Foster said he saw Fisher in 1848 in El Monte, when he was on his way to the mines, but he never heard of him afterward.

Mr. Foster concludes his very graphic and picturesque account as follows: In conclusion of this my humble contribution to the Centennial history of our country I have only to say without fear of contradiction, that the first American pioneers of Los Angeles, and so far as tradition goes, of all California, were "*José el Ingles*" (Joseph the Englishman), alias *Joe Chapman*, and "*El Negro Fisar*," alias Tom Fisher.

NOTE BY THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

Captain Hipolito Bouchard, a Frenchman by birth, was not a pirate, but a privateersman, sailing under letters of marque and reprisal granted him by the United Provinces of Rio de La Plata during the revolutionary war between the South American states and Spain. Captain Bouchard commanded two ships, the *Argentina*, manned by 260 men, and the *Santa Rosa*, 100 men. He captured Monterey with the loss of three men killed and three taken prisoners. He plundered it and because the Spaniards would not give up the prisoners he burned it. He captured Ortega's rancho and robbed it. Here three of his men, a lieutenant and two seamen, having strayed a short distance from the ranch houses, were lassoed and dragged up a hill by the Spaniards. For this Bouchard burned the houses. He put into Santa Barbara and under a flag of truce exchanged prisoners, he having captured several at Monterey.

Next he anchored in the bay at San Juan Capistrano and demanded a supply of provisions of the commander. On his refusal he landed 140 men and two field pieces, which, under Captain Corney of the *Santa Rosa*, plundered the mission, the Spanish soldiers fleeing at the approach of Bouchard's men. A number of his sailors got drunk on the mission wine and had to be lashed to the field pieces and dragged to the beach. He lost six men, either by capture or desertion. He sailed away from the coast and six months later arrived in Valparaiso, where the ships were abandoned by most of the crews.

The above outline of Bouchard's operations on the California coast is taken from a narrative written by Captain Peter Corney, an Englishman, who commanded the Santa Rosa. He left the ship at Valparaiso because Bouchard could not pay him. He returned to England and published his account in the London *Literary Gazette* of 1821. It was reprinted at Honolulu in 1896 in a small volume called "*Early Northern Pacific Voyages*." It differs widely from the accounts of Bancroft, Hittell and other historians, who give the reports of Spanish officers only. Corney's account presents the other side of the story. A more extended account of Bouchard's operations in California, derived from Corney's narrative, can be found in J. M. Guinn's "History of the Southern Coast Counties of California" (published in 1907).